

THE NEW PLAY

"Little Nemo" the "Peter Pan" of Spectacles.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

KLAW & ERLANGER opened a huge and gorgeous picture-book when they revealed their latest spectacle at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night. "Little Nemo" grew from one novel scene to another until it was so big that you felt like borrowing your neighbor's eyes in order to take it all in.

Master Gabriel, a child actor who is getting ready to cast his third vote for Bryan, went through so many adventures in the highly colored dreams that came true to the audience that the production developed into a "Peter Pan" of spectacles and moved along with lively human interest. No wonder Little Gabriel took it all so seriously! There was more than enough to make him rub his eyes. Harry B. Smith had given his fancy free rein, and if there was nothing distinctive in the way of features, nothing that stood out as strikingly original, the ideas were good and lavishly pictured. Victor Herbert's music



Dr. Pill (Joseph Cawthorn) puts Little Nemo (Master Gabriel) to bed.

rippled along carefully until it struck a full note in "The Chime of the Liberty Bell," a number that rang with spirit and vibrated with deep, rich tones. If you hungered for more "Fables in Toyland" music you got at least a touch of it when the toy soldier came to life for a moment.

"Won't You Be My Valentine?" was prettier than some of the human valentines who hardly lived up to the beauty of their surroundings. St. Valentine's Land, with its delicately sentimental color scheme and its skipping, sinning valentines all as pink as love's young dream, was as wonderful as any youthful fancy could paint. It was "sweetly pretty," and Miss Albertine Benson looked perfectly at home and sang her daintily encoiled ditties as though life were an unending valentine.

There was a charming dance, all too short, by Miss Elphye Snowden, that was a valentine in itself. She was like a will-o-the-wisp, now here, now there, and then away! It was discovered later that she had whisked herself off to the weather office where all kind of weather were kept on tap with the exception of the "frost" that has been known to settle down over a first-night. Here, as The Weather Vane, Miss Snowden kept her glad smile at work, and with Miss Benson and Billy

Cloudland furnished the first genuine surprise in "Raindrops." There were "Sunbeams" and "Snowflakes" that would be a credit to any well-regulated weather office, but with all due admiration it must be confessed that the "Raindrops" quite outshined them. The poet who tells us all about dancing raindrops still has something to learn. When these "Raindrops" danced there was a light fall of well-looking beads over sky-blue figures, and every "Drop" had a tiny umbrella perched on her head. The audience was so delighted that it brought on a second shower.

When the rain was over the three comedians, Joseph Cawthorn, accompanied by his trusty German dialect, Harry Kelly, as sober as a deacon, and Billy B. Van, wearing a hand-painted face, took themselves on The Isle of Fables d'Hote, where they told a few hunting stories that Mr. Roosevelt could collect for his African campaign. But there was one about the whifflopp that almost proved fatal. The whifflopp, explained Mr. Cawthorn, "lives on canned meat and is very swift." The house capitalized the last word and then sank back exhausted.

The comedians had things entirely their own way every time they got together, and on the principle that one good "kiss" deserves another, they brought back ancient recollections of Joe Miller with a devotion to wit that was little less than sublime. But their good nature, together with the fact that they were not guilty of a "topical song" kept them on the right side of the audience. At the Amusement Park in the Jungle they went in for a Marrowbone that might have been a funnel, but the tiny dithyramb in all the glory and seriousness of Johnny Haves was funny enough to make up for any shortcomings of his hard-working competitors. Collins and Hart, those "wrong men" of vaudeville, came on for a burlesque wrestling match that kept the laughter going until it was time for Little Gabriel to show speed and the American colors.

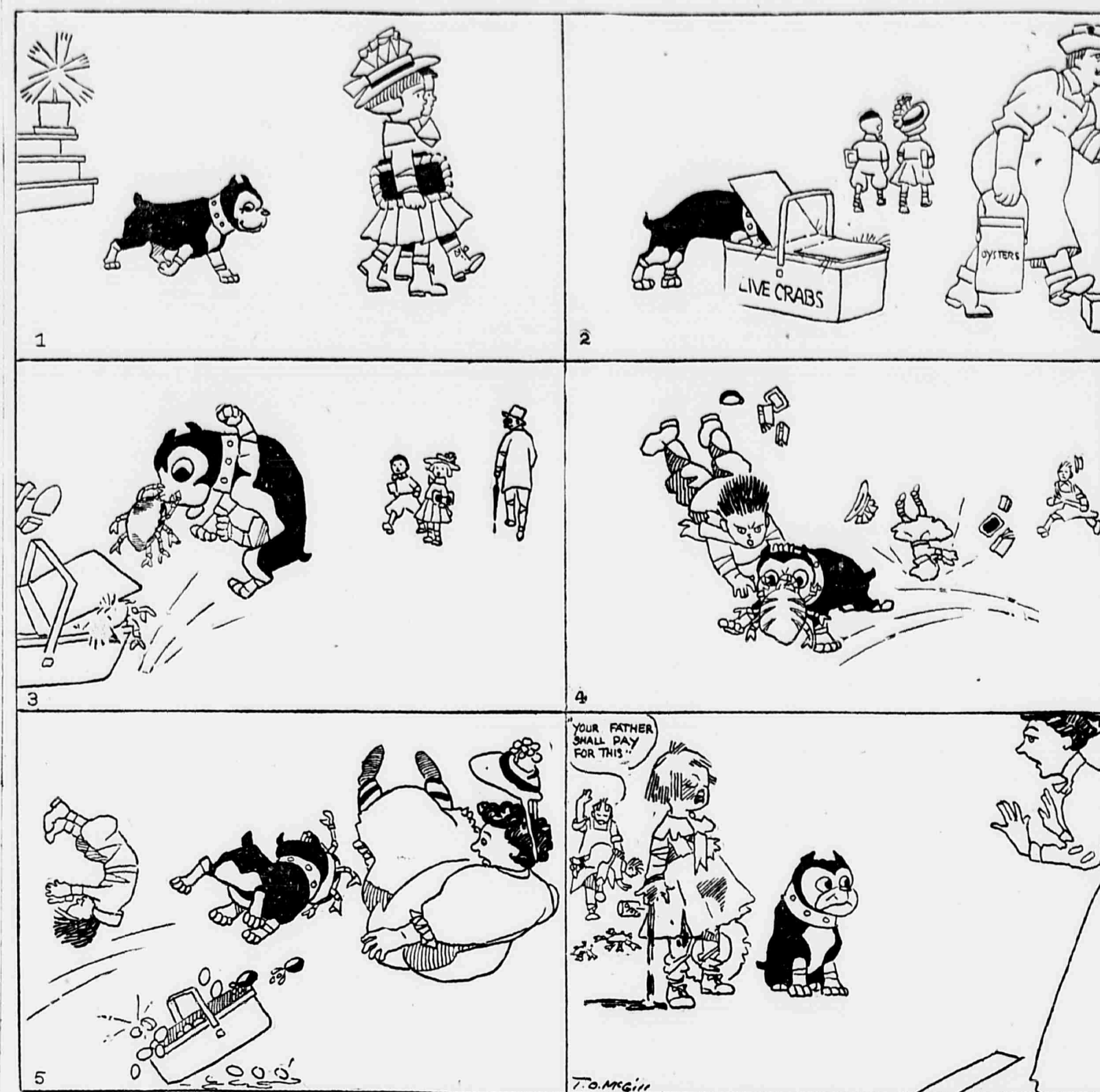
Even George Washington Cohan might have envied "A Dream of the Fourth of July," in which a small army of Continental soldiers marched to the front and Mr. Herbert's music asserted its independence. But the fireworks at the end seemed to be suffering from stage fright. A scene showing the deck of a battleship brought out more musical ammunition. Every man did his duty and Dave Abrams did triple duty as a cat, a bear and a squirrel. He deserves honorable mention for the fact that he kept his face straight when Miss Rosa Desumont referred to Gladys, the cat, as "he."



Elphye Snowden as the Weather Vane

The Jollys' Bull Pup Follows the Twins to School

By T. O. McGill



"The Thin One" Can Get Fat--By Margaret Hubbard Ayer



With all three meals a large glass of milk must be drunk, but the milk must be taken through a straw, and at the end of each meal the Thin One is to rest from ten to fifteen minutes, lying on a sofa or in a comfortable chair. No alcohol of any kind is allowed, but all kinds of unfermented fruit juices. Tea

and coffee are forbidden. Thin women are particularly recommended to wear a brace or some contrivance which will hold the shoulders back, keep the chest open and create a necessity for using the lungs to the fullest extent. Women who work in kitchens and at sewing machines should wear one of these braces and try to keep the windows

open as much as possible, even if it's necessary to wear warmer clothing. Prof. Gerling insists that the lack of pure air is the cause of much leanness and is particularly responsible for sunken cheeks, hollows under the eyes and emaciated neck and shoulders. To fill out the muscles of the cheeks he advises getting a small tube and blow-

ing through it five or six times a day for from two to four minutes, inhaling through the nose and exhaling through the little tube.

The cornetist, the trumpeter and the players of the oboe and other wind instruments invariably have rosy cheeks and well developed cheek muscles, and Prof. Gerling insists that any woman who will try this tube exercise and keep it up for a couple of months will obtain the same results.

Prof. Gerling, who goes back to nature for his physical exercises, believes that the finest exercise to be found is the natural one that accompanies an unembarrassed yawn. The natural stretching of the muscles in the act of yawning brings every part of the anatomy into play. It even affects the muscles of the ears, and the idea of relaxation and tension of the muscles which underlies all the modern physical culture movements is illustrated here in a natural and very convincing way. Prof. Gerling's Thin One must stretch herself with unrestrained vigor several times a day.

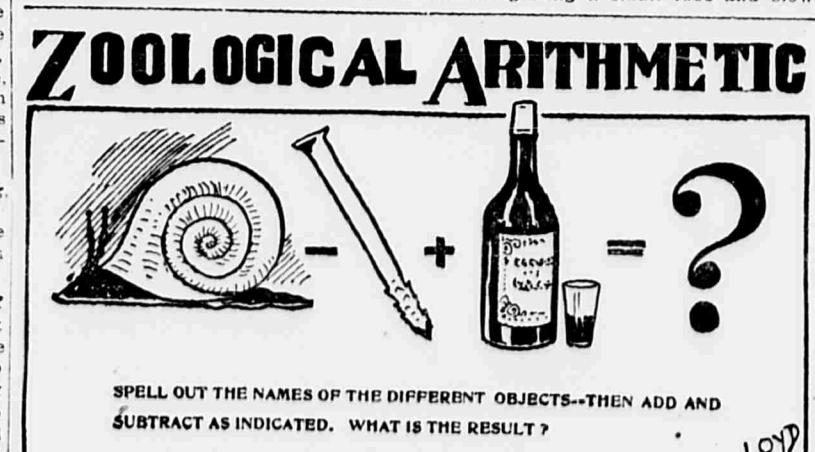
After that, any of the well known West Point exercises can be practised.

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SPELL OUT THE NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT OBJECTS--THEN ADD AND SUBTRACT AS INDICATED. WHAT IS THE RESULT?

The Love Pirate and the 3-Mile Limit

By Nikola Greeley-Smith



NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH

CHICAGO has sent us a new phrase--the love pirate. Mrs. Benedetto Allegretti, in her suit for separation against her husband, invented it.

The love pirate, according to her definition, is the girl in "the downtown office who is a constant menace to the wife in the home."

The woman in business, she avers, has hoisted the black flag and is making the wife walk the plank.

In the lady's unhappy delusions concerning the business woman the only thing we may take seriously is her happy phrase--the love pirate.

Though it applies far less to the girl who works than to her idle sister, it is descriptive of a class to which either may belong. Any woman is a love pirate who takes a man's affection without giving full measure in return. Therefore the girl who marries for money fully deserves the term.

I believe the laws of a country apply to a vessel until it is three miles from shore. Considering matrimony as the port and haven of all feminine hope--let us still flatter the sterner sex by encouraging their fondest illusion--we must assume that three miles outside of it all men are fair game for the love pirate. If we want to be very conservative we may count the engaged man as within the three-mile limit, and therefore safe--though why it should be considered honorable for a man to persist in marrying one woman when he has discovered he loves another I have ever failed to fathom.

Outside this limit, sailing gaily the high seas of life, every woman has the right to be and is a love pirate, her fell purpose that of making a man prisoner and compelling him to walk the plank--the narrow, slippery, waxed plank of the church aisle, up which the new shoes of the quaking bridegroom creak unromantically. Also, not to every love pirate comes this sweet music: Among these mariners on the high seas of sentiment are many Vanderdeckers, Flying Dutchmen, compelled to sail around the Cape of Good Hope forever, without ever weighing anchor in the port of matrimony. Each summer finds them at a different watering place, with different gowns, a manner copied from a new actress, hopefully stalking the ever-elusive eligible. But never, never is the curse lifted. They must sail on and on till a merciful death relieves them.

What does it matter that many a love pirate, grown old and fat and discontented with her prize, envies them their wild liberty, their irresponsibility, their freedom from all the compromises the married know?

It is nevertheless the fashion to pity the unattached spinster, and let us follow the fashion at all cost to truth.

There are many other varieties of love pirate, some against whom the weight and countenance of the world are set in righteous abhorrence. But whatever and wherever they are, Chicago has taught us what to call them and deserves our thanks.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

FANCY sleeves that fit the arms somewhat closely are among the latest decrees of fashion.

Here are two models that can be utilized both for the new gowns and for those that are to be remodeled, and they are exceedingly desirable for both.

All the thin materials that can be shirred and tucked successfully are appropriate and the sleeves will be found satisfactory for a full dress, for gowns and for separate blouses.

The tucked and gathered portion are arranged on fitted foundations that keep them firmly in place, but if a transparent effect is wanted this lining can be omitted.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 yards 21, 34 or 27, or 1 yard 44 inches wide, for full length sleeves; 1 3/4 yards 21, 34 or 27, 38 yard 44 inches wide, with 3 1/4 yards of banding, for three-quarter sleeves.

Pattern No. 6112 is cut in three sizes, small 32 or 34, medium 34 or 36, large 36 or 42 inches bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 122 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT--Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

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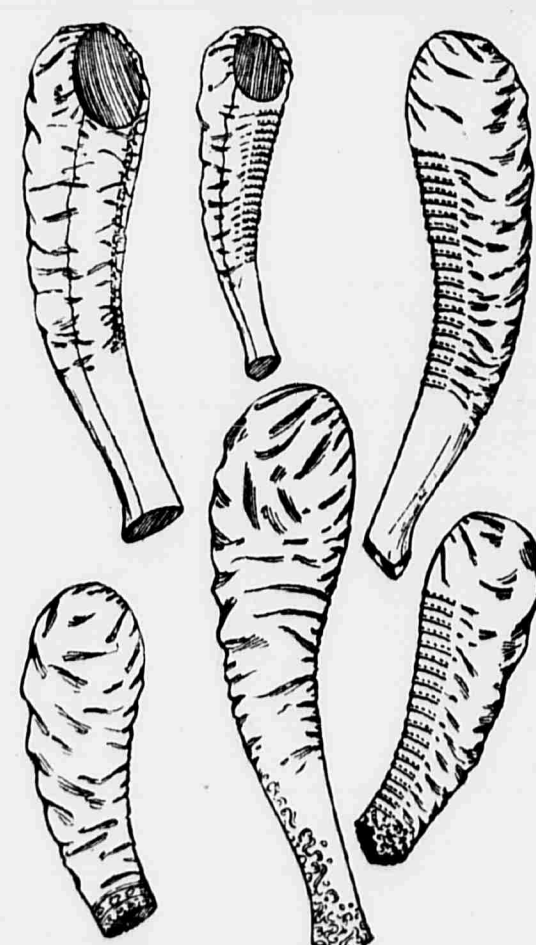
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Tucked or Gathered Sleeves--Pattern No. 6112.

A Revelation of New York Society

THE YOUNGER SET

By Robert W. Chambers,
Author of "The Firing Line" and "A Fighting Chance."

(Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Capit. Philip Selwyn, of an old New York family, has resigned from the army because his wife, Alice, divorced him to marry Jack Lawton, a scion of the New York family. Selwyn frequently meets the young man, who is now a lieutenant in the army. Selwyn is a man of great wealth and influence, and his resignation from the army was a great scandal. He is now a private citizen, but his name is still a power in New York society. He is now a private citizen, but his name is still a power in New York society. He is now a private citizen, but his name is still a power in New York society.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

A Novice.

It was early in August that Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his daughter, Alice, was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far he had ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing and Edgerton Lawn, of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company, to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm Head, but at the same time he informed them with characteristic modesty that he was not yet prepared to guarantee the explosive.

About noon his guests arrived before the cottage in a solemn file, halted, and did not appear overanxious to enter the laboratory on Storm Head. Also they

carefully cast away their cigars when they did enter, and seated themselves in the circle in the largest room of the cottage. Here their eyes instantly became glued to the army because his wife, Alice, divorced him to marry Jack Lawton, a scion of the New York family. Selwyn frequently meets the young man, who is now a lieutenant in the army. Selwyn is a man of great wealth and influence, and his resignation from the army was a great scandal. He is now a private citizen, but his name is still a power in New York society. He is now a private citizen, but his name is still a power in New York society.

First of all Selwyn laid a cubic crystal on an anvil and struck it sharply and repeatedly with a hammer. Austin's thin hair rose, and Edgerton Lawn swayed nothing several times; but nobody went to heaven, and the little cube merely crumbled into a flaky pink powder.

Then Selwyn took three cubes, dropped them into boiling milk, stirred them, again, twisted them into a waxy tangle, placed it in a candlestick and set fire to it. The taper burned with a flaring brilliancy, but without odor.

Then Selwyn placed several cubes in a mortar, pounded them to powder with an iron pestle, and measuring out the finest pinch, scarcely enough to cover the point of a penknife, placed a few grains in several paper cartridges. Two doors opened and Selwyn froze Chaotic and a half of shot, then a wad, and then the crimping.

The guests stepped gratefully outside; Selwyn, using a light fowling piece, made pattern after pattern for them, and then they all trooped solemnly into the laboratory and Selwyn froze Chaotic and a half of shot, then a wad, and then the crimping.

primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret--the composition of the primer charge.

"I used to play baseball in college," he observed, smiling--"and I used to be a pretty good shot with the 'bowball'."

They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black sea

soaked rock jutting out above the waves; Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself, and with the long, overhead, straight throw of a trained ballplayer, sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock.

There came a blinding flash, a stinging, clean-cut report--but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust--all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been.

"I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Capit. Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your chaotic and impact primer seem to do the business, and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company is ready to do business, too. Can you come to town to-morrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you."

But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin.

"I suppose," said Edgerton Lawn, good-naturedly, "that you intend to make us sit up and beg; or do you mean to absorb us?"

But Selwyn said: "I want more time on this thing. I want to know what it does to the interior of loaded shells and in fixed ammunition when it is stored

for a year. I want to know whether it is necessary to use a solvent after firing it in big guns. As a bursting charge I'm practically satisfied with it; but time is required to know how it acts on steel in storage or on the bores of guns when exploded as the propelling charge. 'Meanwhile,' turning to Lawn, 'I'm tremendously obliged to you for coming--and for your offer. You see how it is, don't you? I couldn't risk taking money for a thing which might, at the end, prove dear at any price.'

"I cheerfully accept that risk," insisted young Lawn. "I am quite ready to do all the worrying, Capit. Selwyn."

But Selwyn merely shook his head, repeating: "You see how it is, don't you?"

"I see that you possess a highly developed conscience," said Edgerton Lawn, laughing; "and when I tell you that we are more than willing to take every chance for failure."

But Selwyn shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "don't worry; I need the money, and I'll waste no time when a square deal is possible. But I ought to tell you this: that first of all I must offer it to the Government. That is only decent, you see?"

"Who ever heard of the Government's gratitude?" broke in Austin. "Nonsense, Phil; you are wasting time."

"I've got to do it," said Selwyn. "You must see that, of course."

"But I don't see it," began Lawn; "because you are not in the Government service now."

"Besides," added Austin, "you were not a West Pointer; you never were under obligations to the Government."

"Are we not all under obligation?" asked Selwyn so simply that Austin flushed.

"Oh, of course--patriotism and all that--naturally--" Confound it, I don't suppose you'd go and offer it to Germany or Japan before our own Government had the usual chance to turn it down and break your heart. But why can't the Government make arrangements with Lawn's company--if it desires to?"

"A man can't exploit his own Government; you all know that as well as I do," returned Selwyn, smiling.

As they all turned away to resume their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverdale, Lansing lightly hooked his arm into Selwyn's, and Gerling, walking thoughtfully on the other side, turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him--the spectacle of a modern and needy man to whom money appeared to be the last thing that he wanted.

Kathleen Lawn, a big, leucely, blond-skinned girl, who showed her teeth when she laughed and shook hands like a man, declared him "adorable" but "unsatisfactory," which started one of the broadest "kisses" from Dorothy Minster, and now, in turn, ventured the innocent opinion that Selwyn was misused by most people--an inference that she herself understood him. And she smiled to herself when she made this observation, up to her neck in the surf, and Edgerton, hearing the remark, smiled to himself, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Gladys Orchil, dined up dripping on to the anchored boat beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the tinge of mystery enveloping Selwyn's career made him not only adorable but agreeably "unfathomable," and that she hoped to experiment with him at every opportunity.

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft's edge, swinging her stockinged legs in

about his experiments; everybody pretended interest, but few were sincere; of the sincere, few were unselfish. Selwyn was "sweet," particularly in a canoe on a moonlight night--in spite of her weighty mother heavily adrift in the vicinity.

"He's nice every minute," she said--"every fibre of him is nice in the nicest sense. He never talks 'down' at you--like an insufferable undergraduate, and he is so much of a man--such a real man--that I like him."

"I like him," said Gladys Orchil, "because he has a sense of humor and humor and good shoulders. He's an enigma; and I like that too. I'm going to investigate him every chance I get."

Dorothy Minster liked him, too. "He's such a regular boy at times," she explained. "I do love to see him without his hat sauntering along beside me--and not talking every minute when you don't wish to talk. Friends," she added--"true friends are most eloquent in their mutual silence. Amen!"

Edgerton Orchil, standing near on the pitching raft, listened intently, but curiously enough said nothing either in praise or blame.

"He is exactly the right age," insisted Gladys--"as though somebody had said he was not--the age when a man is most interesting."

"The Minister twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean, and that she hoped to experiment with him at every opportunity."

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft's edge, swinging her stockinged legs in